

New York Tribune.

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Murphy's Candidates for the Court of Appeals.

Murphy's candidates for Judges of the Court of Appeals are better than usual. Judge Willard Bartlett, who is nominated for chief judge, has for several years been a useful member of the Court of Appeals bench and earlier served acceptably in the Supreme Court. Mr. Abram I. Elkus, who is nominated for associate justice, is a lawyer of ability and character. His chief public service has been performed as counsel of the Wagner committee, which investigated working conditions in the state and drafted the recent amendments to the safety and health laws affecting factories.

In nominating Mr. Elkus, however, the boss violated the sound principle which requires the keeping upon the bench of judges already rich in experience and of demonstrated capacity for useful service. And in naming two Democrats as candidates for the two vacancies the boss adheres to his determination to make the Court of Appeals solidly Democratic as soon as he can. Among the seven elected judges of the court there is now only one Republican, Judge Werner, who will serve until 1918 and who has been named by his party for chief judge. The two judges who retire this year, Chief Judge Cullen and Associate Judge John Clinton Gray, are both Democrats; but Judge Cullen owed his election to the Republicans, who, when in complete control of the state, were careful that the minority party should be adequately represented on the Court of Appeals bench. But irrespective of whether retiring judges are Republicans or Democrats and without regard for the increasing Democratic majority in the court, the Tammany boss is making partisan nominations. Those just made are in line with his policy of treating places in the highest court as party spoils.

Mr. Gardner and the "Stand-patters."

Representative A. P. Gardner, the Republican candidate for Governor in Massachusetts, is entitled to sympathy. He made a fight for the nomination in the primary and won easily, but in the state convention, chosen for the purpose of framing a platform, various proposals which he considered important were turned down and he was unable to make the speech of acceptance which he had prepared.

Apparently the convention wished to rebuke Mr. Gardner for his temerity in attacking the inner "old guard" ring entrenched in the state committee. The Congressman has shown progressive tendencies at Washington most distasteful to the "old guard," which, though it could not beat him at the polls, still controls the party machinery. He recently demanded the resignation of the state chairman, but the state committee backed up the chairman in refusing to resign.

Mr. Gardner's predicament is interesting because it emphasizes the conflict still raging in the Republican party in many states between the old order and the new. There are still Republicans who do not realize that "stand-patism" is dead. There are still reactionaries in New York as well as in Massachusetts. But the conflict between reaction and progress is unequal and progress is certain to win, even where "stand-patism" has its strongest clutches on the party organization.

Mr. Gardner should continue his fight. The elements in the Republican party who have been with him since the day when he courageously enlisted for the war against Cannonism will soon be on top.

Teacher and Pupil in Forestry.

Seldom has there been a more notable example of teacher becoming pupil and pupil teacher than that which is now presented by China and the United States in respect of forestry.

It has long been notorious that China has suffered more than almost any other nation from denudation of the land by destruction of forests. To that cause has largely been attributed the devastation wrought by the floods of "the Woe of China," the Yellow River. The example of China has been held up to the United States as a warning, and has done much—more than the example of any other land—to induce rational methods of forest preservation and culture here.

And now, having thus taught us the need of forest preservation, China turns to us to learn how to do it. It is to be hoped that our lesson will be as profitable to her as hers was to us; though ours will be for emulation, while hers was for avoidance.

A Question of Meal Tickets.

Representative Sisson, of Mississippi, has come to the front with an important contribution to political knowledge. Many people hereabouts are still wondering why Murphy turned Mayor Gaynor down for renomination. Mr. McCall has said that Murphy really wanted to renominate the Mayor, but was overpowered by the protests of McCooey, "Tom" Foley and others of the faithful, who maintained that Mr. Gaynor had been much too stingy in relieving distress in Tammany circles.

Mr. Sisson's testimony rather supports the McCooey-Foley view that the McCall nomination was the only proper means of heading off a Tammany hunger strike. The poor were famished, and giving them Gaynor was like offering them cake instead of bread. The Mississippi statesman says that after he spoke at a recent Tammany Independence Day celebration he attended a dinner consisting of barbecued meat and loaves of bread. The persons who consumed the holiday fare were "the most animal-like assembly I have ever seen; they ate ravenously and seemed starved."

There is the real secret of the situation. Tammany had become weary of a diet of "kind words." Appetite controlled it and not reason. Disdaining an excellent chance to win with Gaynor, the rep-

resentative of scant rations, it turned with its whole heart toward McCall, who represented a full seven-days-in-the-week meal ticket.

"At Philippi."

Candidate McCall was most unfortunate when he broke into the dictionary of quotations and told the stump speakers of the McCall College Men's League: "Now, with these few words I will leave you and meet you at Philippi." He must have forgotten the fate of Brutus and Cassius. Those two statesmen do a good deal of talking in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" about meeting each other and in force at Philippi. But when they got to that celebrated rendezvous what happened to them might well have been expressed in the melancholy epigram: "We have met the enemy and we are theirs."

History will probably not reverse itself when Cassius McCall meets the legionaries of the College Men's League next month at Philippi. There is a young Octavius on his track in the person of John Purroy Mitchel. The voters of this city will also be there in mass to take a fall out of the "smug and sleek" who have long fattened upon them. There must have been a dim vision of fate in the back of McCall's head when he blundered upon his unhappy Shakespearean allusion.

Rolling Down to Rio.

The cheerful, tempestuous exit of the colonel will draw smiles from his most hardened enemy. A stinging wind and whitecaps gave the proper setting of Kaiserwetter. And "habituall liar" hung over the taffrail made an effective and typical "curtain." We always hate to think of the colonel cribbed, cabined and confined on board one poor ship. It seems as if, the third day out, he must take to turning handsprings on the bowsprit—or, perhaps, tuck up a mast or two and begin to row. However, he is nothing if not versatile, and his vast capacity for silence, for immuring himself in jungles without a possible audience of any one save monkeys and boa constrictors, is but part and parcel of that strange and contradictory personality which makes friends and enemies faster than any other living institution.

Goodspeed to the colonel on his trip below the line! And long may he wave!

The Last Stand for National Parks.

The open letter to the President which was printed in our "People's Column" yesterday was one of the features of the last stand which is being made in the defence of our national parks from the spoliation of private greed. For that is really the gist of the Hetch-hetchy matter, which is apparently about to go to the President for his determination.

In itself the spoliation of that peerless valley and the exclusion of the public from the wondrous canyon of the Tuolumne would be bad enough. It would be to deprive the world of two of its most precious and unique realms of wonderland; comparable with levelling the Pallsades for road metal or turning the whole stream of Niagara into factory penstocks. But, bad as that would be, it would not be the worst of it.

For in this act of robbery of the public park domain for the gratification of corporate greed there would be set a precedent which would imperil every other place of national park, wonderland, pleasure land or historic site which sordid cupidity might covet for spoliation. If the beauties of the Hetch-hetchy are to be destroyed just to enable San Francisco to get water supply and power without paying for them as it would have to do elsewhere, why not let anybody who wants free timber cut down the giant Sequoias and any one who wants cheap stone blast out the terraces of the Yellowstone?

The Hetch-hetchy grab, conceived in greed and prompted through misrepresentation, is a deadly menace not only to that one valley, "last, loveliest, exquisite, alone," but also to every inch of the national domain. It has been repulsed before. It should this time be defeated so thoroughly as to give it no chance ever to appear again.

Bosses Running for Office.

Roger C. Sullivan's announcement that he will be a candidate for United States Senator from Illinois at the first direct election next year shows that some of the oldtime party bosses are getting into line with the principles of the New Freedom. A boss who runs for office has a pretty complete answer for those who complain that he is a boss. He can say that he has cut loose from the fabric of "invisible government" and has submitted his pretensions directly to the people. If they sustain him he is not a boss but a leader.

The old school bosses rarely ran for elective offices. Matthew S. Quay was an exception to that rule, since he ran for Treasurer in Pennsylvania and was elected. But he outclassed most of the old line bosses both in daring and in intellectual resources. Mr. Sullivan has dominated the Democratic party in Illinois for many years, but let other people run for office. It is a welcome sign of the times that he is now about to seek a popular endorsement. Boies Penrose is planning to run for Senator in Pennsylvania. What a helpful and hopeful thing it would be here if William Barnes and Charles F. Murphy should also take it into their heads to be candidates for some state office!

As One Mayor to Another.

What the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina has long held attention. So, now, what the Mayor of New York said to the Mayor of Philadelphia hits every ear. "On Tuesday next, October 7, the Giants are going to wipe up the Polo Grounds with the so-called Athletics of your city." And so on, politely inviting His Honor the Mayor of Philadelphia to be present on that festive occasion.

Mayor Kline's note unquestionably has the right stuff on it. His words will be cordially approved by every "fan" and will require some smart fielding on the part of Mayor Blankenburg. We look for his acceptance with much interest. (They play ball rather well in Philadelphia, despite Mayor Kline's optimistic tone.)

If those two worthies do sit side by side at the great occasion, it is a pleasure to reflect that rank and office and dignity will be as the dust of the field. One of the noblest moments in "Bunker Bean" was that at the ball game when the great magnate thumped his young secretary in the ribs and the two hugged each other with joy at the home team's victory. The game levels all ranks. Whether our two Mayors will thump each other we do not pretend to guess. But they will surely feel no obligation to display one whit more dignity than the youngest hopeful on the bleachers.

The inimitable Oscar is prepared to draw high priced opera, low priced opera, opera in English,

opera in the original, opera for the classes and opera for the masses out of the same historic hat.

If anything could be more indecent than to legislate the Lincoln Memorial Commission into a partisan political body, we do not care to be told what it is.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

"Alcohol, crime, disease, degeneration." This is the headline of an invitation recently issued in Vienna for a meeting at which it was proposed to "form societies in all parts of the empire for the education of the people as to the moral and physical havoc caused by the use of alcoholic drink." One of the results of the meeting is an alcohol "educational exhibition." The statistical charts which show the connection of crime and disease with alcohol will be placed in schools, factories, railway stations, public buildings and churches. "The movement is certainly a good one," says a Berlin letter, "and the most remarkable thing about it is that it should originate in the gay Kaiserstadt, where a similar step a few years ago would have been ridiculed out of existence."

"Does the count intend to contest his wife's suit for divorce?"
"No, but his creditors do."—Judge.

Failure to comprehend the psychology of the "souvenir hunter" has resulted disastrously for the proprietor of a local Turkish bath. He became tired of the ravages made among his towels by collectors and hit upon a scheme which he thought would put a stop to the practice. Upon all the movable articles in the establishment he marked "This is stolen from Blank's Baths." He had calculated that the certain proof of their shame would deter the collectors, but to his astonishment the thievery in his place did not cease, but increased rapidly. Freshmen in all the colleges for miles around made pilgrimages to New York to take towels from Blank's. To the souvenir hunters the label of "Stolen from Blank's Baths" was not a badge of shame, but, on the contrary, a means of proving to their admirers the authenticity of their capture.

First Auto Salesman—Why don't you speak to Dobson—he bought a car of you, did he not?
Second Auto Salesman—Yes, a \$900 one. You don't suppose I'll speak to a chap that drives a \$900 car, do you?—Chicago News.

Giuseppe Campanari, barytone of the Metropolitan Opera Company in Grau and Conried days, now spends his summers at Siasconset, having been inveigled there by his friend, former Police Magistrate Plummer. Of all the barytone's parts his favorite is that of Escamillo, the toreador in "Carmen." Judge Plummer, who is an enthusiastic golfer, persuaded Signor Campanari to undertake to learn the game on the Siasconset links. The barytone drove off. His ball executed a parabolic left hand curve and landed gracefully between two cows grazing on the outskirts of the links. The barytone gazed wistfully at the ball, but did not move. "Your ball," said the former magistrate. "There it is between those two cows. Go and get it." Signor Campanari took a few steps forward and then a step back. "They look dangerous," he said, doubtfully. Mr. Plummer looked at him for a moment in a pained silence. "Campanari," he said at length, "excuse me, but you're a h— of a toreador!"

Wigwag—After all, experience is the best teacher. Henpeck—Tell that to the man who commits bigamy.—Philadelphia Record.

In "The American Hebrew" J. Fuchs gives this picture of the average Yiddish newspaper published in New York: "On East Broadway the morning exchanges are rapidly skimmed and scissored by about twosome of quick-witted people, young or youngish men for the most part, endowed with some fraction of an education, no end of noble self-confidence and just enough English to get at the meaning of their labor, generally speaking, is a Yiddish mistranslation of a Park Row misrendering of the past days' happenings, accompanied by a few self-gathered local items of the Jewish quarter and the usual 'special features' of an evening paper, the hour for going to press being 1 o'clock in the afternoon. The news service of these Jargonish press products, in point of verisimilitude, may best be likened to the efforts of a smart, but rather shaky handed boy of ten trying to draw from memory a portrait of his aunt."

Old Lady (to beggar at door)—What's this soiled paper? You'll have to tell me what it says, for I haven't my glasses.
Beggar—Please, mum, it says I am deaf and dumb, and can you spare me a few cents.—Boston Transcript.

THE AIM OF JAPAN

It Is to Open the Pacific Coast to Swarming Immigration.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The first lines in a Tribune editorial to-day are these: "The scheme of settling the California land controversy with Japan by means of a new treaty is doubtless well meant," and the closing remark is this: "Of course, Japan might in the new treaty waive all demands for real estate privileges for her citizens in this country, but we have heard as yet of no intimation of such recession on her part."

No, you have not heard nor are you likely to ever hear of such recession or any other recession until Japan's far-sighted diplomats are publicly forestalled of their clear intention to defeat American rights.

This brings us directly to the point which I, as a plain, patriotic American citizen, persist in being publicly heard about and aim to insist on being heard— the point that treaties are moot, and already more than tentative, by which "privileges" shall be legalized to aliens that directly contravene the "rights" of Americans born American-Americans now mostly doing while Japan, and abetted by an extensively involved concatenation of treaty and entente, including England and Russia, now pretends to split hairs with our fooling Secretary of State, while really it is plain as a pikestaff that the whole diplomatic game as played by the Mikado's government is one to gain and establish precedents in alien ownership of American real estate which, as international precedents, shall serve to beat any future treaty-making flat and open the entire Pacific Coast to swarming immigration, even more voluminous than, and possibly as bad as, the hideous mess already put upon the Atlantic seaboard, and which, by that crass fatuity marking New York State laws, lets aliens own real estate here beyond every known legal means of disposing them, even though they never become citizens.

ALFRED LAURENS BRENNAN.
New York, Oct. 2, 1913.

DEFENCE OF "THE BIRD CAGE"

Its Producer Declares There Is Nothing Immoral in the Play.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am astonished to perceive in the dispatches from Providence, where "The Bird Cage," by Austin Adams, is being played, under my management, a paragraph saying that "parts of the story are such that they cannot be published," and I am moved to the conviction that the writer of this paragraph could not possibly have seen Mr. Adams's play.

There is not an evil or suggestive phrase or an evil or suggestive situation in "The Bird Cage." The story is of a girl, Madge Trench, the daughter of a retired rear admiral in our navy. She has been engaged for a long time, by the wish of her father, to marry a young naval lieutenant, Randolph Lee by name, and has not seen him for three years. During this period she has met a broad minded artist considerably older than herself, who talks to her of his views of life and the caging up of women, very much as he might talk to a younger sister. The girl begins to listen and to read and to become convinced that there is something in a woman's life above and beyond getting married off merely to suit the parental will.

She is found at the camp of Croft, the artist, and is accused of wrongdoing, but she is entirely innocent. She refuses to go back, in spite of every effort to induce or compel her to do so. And when it is all over the difference is left that Madge will regain her liberty and after a suitable interval will marry the artist whose views of the liberty of women first awakened her girlish mind.

Is there anything immoral in this story? I think not. And let me assure you that in its telling there is no other note than that of perfect purity. There is

nothing mawkish or ignoble or sordid about any part of it. The only fault found with the play by the austere "Providence Journal" and other papers on the first night was that possibly it might be rather too intellectual. Is intellectualism immoral? PHILIP BARTHOLOMAE.
Forty-eighth Street Theatre, New York, Oct. 3, 1913.

THE SMALLEST COIN

It Was a Gold Quarter of California, Says a Reader.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: An article in The Tribune this summer, headed "Many Kinds of Coin," speaks of the largest coin ever minted being about a foot square, and a contrasting piece of coin is that of the California 50-cent piece of gold, which was coined in 1854 and for some years afterward. "The coin is in possession of Charles Holmes, dated 1856, and is the smallest piece of money ever coined."

The last sentence calls for a contradiction. I came from San Francisco to Catskill in May, 1856, and brought with me as curiosities three 50 gold pieces (hexagon shape), several gold dollars, a few 50-cent gold pieces and half a dozen 25-cent gold pieces, stamped, like the 50-cent pieces, with the head of the Goddess of Liberty surrounded with stars and on the reverse a wreath of leaves and the inscription: "50 Dollars." The edge was milled. I have but one of them left. It is as bright as the day it was made.

Having been a page in the House of Representatives and had charge of the row of seats at the time Mr. Greeley occupied one of them, I am happy to contribute this item to The Tribune, which I have taken for many years.

WALTON VAN LOAN.
No. 11 Prospect avenue, Catskill, N. Y.
Oct. 2, 1913.

A NEWLY EXPLOITED REMEDY

The Inventor of Therpezone Denies Extravagant Claims.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I wish to appeal to the physicians and people of New York City who may have noticed the publicity given to "Therpezone," to assist in preventing, as far as possible, the harm that may result from such unwise and mercenary exploitation. Scientific research is not furthered by the making of exaggerated public statements.

Therpezone is not specifically a remedy for tuberculosis, and if it were the public should have learned by this time that miraculous cures are not possible in diseases of this kind. An accurate statement was made of my views and of the nature of my research in "The Globe" of September 30, and although "The Globe" was wholly responsible for that article, I owe it my sincere thanks for the care it took not to misrepresent me. Since then the exploiters have had their say.

I have been engaged in this research, which may be briefly described as a study of the influence of atmospheric conditions on bodily health, for a number of years, but whatever success I may have had does not warrant the use of my name to start another publicity campaign for a tuberculosis cure, with the attendant evils. If there is anything of value in my work it will be recognized by chemist and physicians, and the public. There never has been a time in the world's history when scientific achievement received such instant acknowledgment and welcome. If my work is good it will receive such recognition; that it has been retarded by a conspiracy of capital is plainly nonsense. It is to be regretted, however, that the present ill-advised publicity will largely deprive me of the helpful assistance and wholesome criticism of the physicians; many of them will rightfully feel that their association with the work would be taken advantage of again for improper exploitation.

WILLIAM J. KNOX.
New York, Oct. 3, 1913.

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

IN SUPPORT OF MITCHEL

Why the Society to Lower Rents Favors His Election.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In your account in this morning's issue of the meeting of the Society to Lower Rents and Reduce Taxes on Homes held at the City Club last night mention is not made of the reason why this society urges every worker of the city, regardless of party affiliation, to vote for John Purroy Mitchel for Mayor. It is not because the society is in politics, but, as stated in the resolution adopted, because Commissioner McCall has failed to state, after repeated written requests, that he will, if elected, accept on behalf of the city a bill providing for a referendum on reducing the tax rate on buildings in New York City to half that on land by five equal changes in five consecutive years, if such a bill is submitted to him, and because Mr. Mitchel has stated in writing that he will, if elected, accept such a referendum bill.

THE SOCIETY TO LOWER RENTS AND REDUCE TAXES ON HOMES.
F. C. LEUBSUCHER, President.
No. 320 Broadway, New York, Oct. 3, 1913.

THE HOSPITAL BOX

Complaint Is Made That Contributions Are Not Promptly Removed.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The appeal by the Hospital Box and Newspaper Society for reading matter to be used in various institutions is one to which the public is always ready to respond, but why does not the society give more attention to some of the receptacles which it has provided in the downtown district?

Complaints are continually being made of the congested condition of the large red box at the corner of Broadway and Vesey street, a whole week being often allowed to elapse before it is cleared. This morning the top of the box and sidewalk were littered with rain-soaked newspapers and magazines, while books are easily abstracted owing to the unnecessarily large apertures. The box should be emptied at least every alternate day, so as to provide reasonably fresh reading matter, and there are many city employees who would be glad to contribute if another box were placed somewhere in the vicinity of the new Municipal Building.

New York, Oct. 2, 1913. A. E. G.

GAYNOR SUPPORT FOR M'CALL

It Is Called Inconsistent, Ignorant or Hypocritical.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It is perfectly disgusting to see the way in which a number of politicians shift about from pillar to post. These are men of no principle, but who act from caprice, love of office or something worse. A few days ago you informed your readers that several sections of what was designated as the "Gaynor League" were now going over to Tammany. Such inconsistency, ignorance or hypocrisy could hardly be conceived.

Gaynor was ignored by Tammany and refused renomination. He had refused to do their dirty work or be a cat's paw in the hands of a man like Murphy.

This was enough to arouse the ire and indignation of every Tammanyite possessing one grain of intelligence and common sense, and lead them to resent such dastardly treatment by voting against the perpetrators of the men who could do such things.

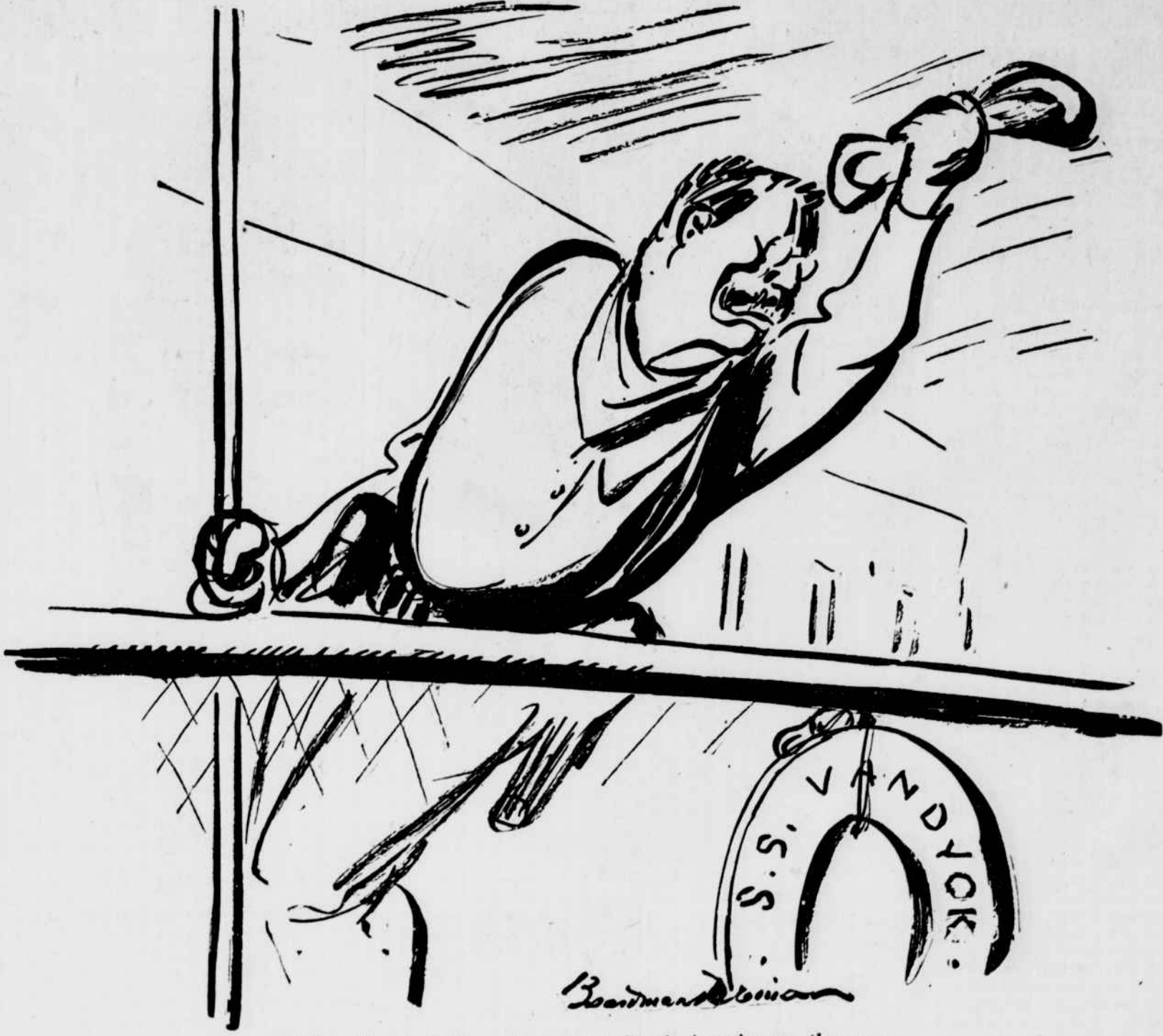
Men who can act in this way are not deserving of a vote, and I hope the result of the election will be such as to defeat the party for whom they now propose to give their votes.

CONSISTENCY.

New York, Oct. 3, 1913.

M. JUSSERAND RETURNING.

Havre, Oct. 4.—The French Ambassador to the United States, Jean Jussyerand, sailed for New York today on board the Savoie. He was received in farewell audience on Thursday by President Raymond Folmar.



T. R.—Goodbye! I'm going to put South America on the map.